PEPPERELL SHEET

Published by and for the

Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company

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PEPPERELL SHEET

Published Monthly by the Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company.

BIDDEFORD, MAINE, DIVISION

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The Pepperell Sheet has as a definite aim the promotion of good will and better acquaintance in the great Pepperell family.

Happy New Year!

The great Pepperell organization contains many workers who speak in a foreign tongue, and in order that the greetings of the "Sheet" will reach every one of them we print below a list of the well-wishes of the season as they would sound in different foreign tongues:

Buon Capo d'Anno!
Szczesliwy Nowy Rok!
Prosit Neujahr!
Feliz Ano Nuevo!
Glaedelig Nyt Aar!
Bonne Annee et Bonne Sante! or
Souhait une Bonne Annee!
Gelukkig Nieuwjaar!
Feliz Anno Novo!
Lyckligt Nytt Ar!
Shin-nen Omedeto Gozaimasu!
S Novim Godom!

The Cover Design

The cover design for this month is the work of Mr. Demars of the cloth room. Both Mr. Demars and Mr. Roy of the Lewiston Division are deserving of much credit for their work along this line. The "Sheet" is fortunate in having them with us in our endeavor to put out an attractive paper.

Last month's Christmas cover called for many favorable remarks and Mr. Roy is to be congratulated.

A Jolly Skating Party

The members of the office force enjoyed a skating party and baked bean supper at the camp of Mr. Walter Clark at Kennebunk Pond on Saturday, January 7th.

The trip to the pond was made in one of the Pepperell trucks and the party had a personal acquaintance with the ruts and holes of the Alfred Road before the close of the day.

On their arrival at the Pond, it was found that conditions for skating could have been better. In places the ice was covered with water to the depth of several inches. Two of the young ladies present, Miss Gladys Hamel, our telephone operator, and Miss Geraldine Stone, reposed in a graceful attitude in one of these puddles for several seconds. A cosy fire in the fireplace served to remedy the handicap thus imposed, however, and much merriment resulted.

In spite of the poor condition of the ice, the party made the best of it, and got sufficient exercise during the afternoon to insure stiff legs and joints for several days to come.

Getting supper ready was one of the exciting events of the day. In some manner the kettle of hot coffee took a high dive for the entertainment of all present, but the greater part was saved "for that tired feeling."

Ceremony was forgotten in the festivities of the dining room, and if three parties reached for a slice of bread the one with the longest arm usually came out ahead. The beans, frankforts and "fixings" were delicious to the sharpened appetites of the party.

After supper some went for a skate in the moonlight (and skated in the dark!) while others enjoyed a game of whist.

Following this portion of the program, Professor Joseph Bauer, as Master of Ceremonies, took charge of affairs and opened his bag of tricks.

The entertainment was highly educational and enlightening. The program was as follows:

The Follies of 1928

(Under the personal direction of Joseph Bauer, assisted by Prescott Howard.)

A. Song by J. Bauer
"Where the Wishy-Washy Washings Blow."

B. Illustrated Dance Hit
by Prescott Howard
An able demonstration of the ague in its most acute form. Costume: Green hat, red tie, red blouse, and white pants.

C. The Rubber Sisters
by Ray Clark, Roland Lemire
A bouncing dance number.

D. An Hawaiian Knight
In which Prescott Howard resorts to shredded wheat and wet macaroni and demonstrates the Charleston.

E. Song by Philip Whitehead
Entitled, "She is Just a Moonshiner's Daughter, but I Love Her Still."

F. Finale: Corset Shop Review,
by Prescott Howard
Entire Company in a spiritual "Deep River."

At about 9.30 the party left for home all agreeing that Ray Clark's idea of the outing was a good one. A vote of thanks is extended to Mr. Walter Clark for his assistance and to Ray and the ladies who assisted in preparing the "eats."

Those Christmas Baskets

Christmas has come and gone and the Pepperell Social and Athletic Club once more distributed Christmas Baskets among the worthy of the two cities, bringing to them happiness and cheer for this day of days.

The report showed that a total of 66 baskets were distributed and all contained good substantial food. The total cost of the baskets distributed amounted to $205.40.

Some one has truthfully written, "It is better to give than to receive," and that generosity and kindness are the greatest makers of happiness the world has ever known. No doubt by this little act of charity the club has brought happiness for itself.

Gladys Hamel, Chairman,
Committee on Christmas Baskets.

Pepperell Second Hands Receive Valuable Gifts

Valuable Christmas presents were made to several of the second hands in the mill just prior to Christmas day.

Joseph Girard of Spinning 142-A received from the help of his department a $5.00 gold piece and a box of cigars.

Ludger Binette of Spinning 15-3 was presented with a beautiful bathrobe.

Herbert Trafton of Spooling 123 was given a fine coat sweater for use on these cold winter mornings.

Edward Patry, second hand in the Plant A yard, received from the yard crew a handsome silk scarf.

All of these men are among Pepperell's best officials and the tokens were indicative of the esteem in which they are held by those who work for them.

Miss Hannah Entertains

Miss Antoinette Hannah entertained a few of her friends at her home on Foss Street on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 28th.

Games were played and after a few hours of entertainment the guests were treated to a dainty luncheon arranged by the hostess. Miss Hannah proved adept at making folks feel comfortable and her efforts were much appreciated.

Those present were the Misses Laura Guertin, Laura Boucher, Emelia Laflamme, Beatrice Blais, Mrs. Bessie Eon, and the hostess, Miss Antoinette Hannah.

Where the Sheet Travels

Mr. George C. Gendron of the Carding Department sends all copies of the Sheet to Honolulu. His brother is in the army and stationed at that point in Hawaii, and he reads the items of local interest with enthusiasm.

Mr. Gendron calls this a record for distance. Will our readers let us know of some of the points to which they send their copies.

A Christmas Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. Almon Hill celebrated Christmas by entertaining thirteen guests at dinner. In the evening the entire party motored to Portland where they attended the performance at the Jefferson.

Mr. Hill is not a bit superstitious and maintains that the number "thirteen" always held luck for him.

Don't you call this a fine picture of little Theresa Lebrecque? She is the daughter of Mrs. Leo Lebrecque of Spinning 25-C. Theresa is three years old.

A Gymnasium Class

The office workers and overseers have formed a gymnasium class and are deriving much good from it. The class is held between the hours of five and six-thirty on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week.

The gymnasium was equipped by the mill management and the Athletic Club at a great expense and it is felt that advantage should be taken of the facilities available to the development of a healthy body.

If you feel a shortness of breath; if you have a roll of fat about your middle that would do credit to Mrs. Murphy's pig; if your joints creak when you mount the stairs; if you have any or all of these symptoms of a flabby physical machine, you should join the "gym" class.

Evening classes should be formed by the different departments of the mill. The cost of apparel is small and the benefits of corrective exercises are many. Form your class!

Arrangements for the hour can be made with Director Travers.

Christmas Tree Party

The Christmas Tree Party held by the girls of the Counting Room proved to be a merry one. It was held in the Club room on Friday, Dec. 23rd, and the decorations used were very pretty.

Miss Eleanor Meserve acted as Santa Claus and was very successful in distributing gifts and jokes to those present.

Supper was served at nine o'clock and was followed by a social hour.

Those present were Mrs. Georgia Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth Eon, Miss Marie Michniwich, Miss Belle Burchill, Miss Ellen Kearney, Miss Annie Dineen, Miss Eleanor Meserve and Miss Gladys Hamel.

The girls voted to make this an annual affair.

UNDER THE DRAGON'S EYE

Drunk (to a little dog that is following him)—Get out a here, the whole damned pack of ya.—Brown Bull.

Mechanics Professor—Describe the mechanism of a steam shovel.

Fresh Engineer—Don't kid me. You can't carry steam on a shovel.

The sick man had just come out of a long delirium.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly as he felt loving hands making him comfortable. "Where am I—in Heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his devoted wife; "I am still with you."

She was only a dairyman's daughter but her face cowed many a man.

A small boy was having his hair cut for the first time.

"How shall I cut it?" asked the barber.

"With a hole in the top like my daddy's, please,' was the prompt reply.

At first the world was flat. Then someone discovered that it was round. Now it is crooked.

"Quick—a notary—I want to swear!"

She's only a garbage collector's daughter, but she ain't to be sniffed at.

Old Darky (to shiftless friend)—I hearn tell you is gwine to pay me dat dollah you owes me. Is you?

Friend (indignantly)—I ain't saying I ain't.

Old Darky (severely)—I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask you ain't you is?

Ivan was a Moscow pawnbroker, Fritz a German one, and they had often done business together. To their surprise they found themselves facing each other in the trenches on the Eastern front.

One night, in the small hours, each swiped his regimental banner and crawled out into No Man's Land. They silently exchanged banners and crawled back to their respective posts unobserved.

Next day each got a medal for capturing an enemy flag.

SHE TRIED, ANYWAY

Jackson—"The idea of letting your wife go about telling the neighbors that she made a man of you! You don't hear my wife saying that."

Johnson—"No, but I heard her telling my wife that she had done her best."—Hercules Record.

DID HIS BEST

"So that little Brown boy gave you another black eye?" inquired the mother. "That settles it! You must quit playing with him."

"Ge whiz, ma!" protested the bruised child, "I wasn't playin' with him this time. That kid's got skill-"

THE PIKER

Mr. Ginsberg, the Florida realtor, died and went to heaven, where he became a member of the Trans-Styx Country Club. He immediately began to tell the other members about the subdivision which he could have sold for ten million dollars instead of one million if he had held it for six months longer.

A red-complexioned member got up with a bored air and walked away.

"Who is that man?" asked Mr. Ginsberg.

"Oh," replied another member, "that is the Indian chief who sold Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars."—Life.

THE NEXT BEST THING

"What makes you think Bill Morgan is economical?"

"Well, his wife wanted to see the world—and he gave her a map."

TRUTHFUL, AT LEAST

The story is told about two girls discussing the Charleston. One of them hotly declared that it was clumsy, ungraceful, a unisance to the other dancers and vulgar besides.

"I can't do the darn thing, either," said the other.—Exchange.

MANLY DEFIANCE

Boss—"Did you collect that bill?"

Jenkins—"No, sir. He kicked me down a flight of stairs."

Boss—"You go back and get that money. I'll show him he can't scare me."—Allston (Ill.) Recorder.

THE ROMANCE OF PEPPERELL

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HOW A GREAT INDUSTRY DEVELOPED AT BIDDEFORD TOGETHER WITH ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING HOW PEPPERELL WIDE SHEETINGS AND PILLOW TUBINGS ARE MADE.

(Continued from December

During the rush of the busy day and in the quiet of the evening by the flickering light of the fire, the work went on. There were few idle moments for the members of those old colonial households. From the white-haired grandmother who, in spite of her dimming eyesight, was able to card out the rolls of wool for the spinning wheel, to the little girl who sat at a small wheel filling the bobbins with yarn ready for the loom—all were busy. It was the skilful fingers of the father who fashioned the wool-cards, piercing the leather back with an awl and setting in and clenching, one by one, the bent wire teeth which he had cut from a long length of wire.

Early Inventions

Not until 1784 was there invented a machine which would cut and bend thirty-six thousand of those wire teeth an hour. The women and children could then purchase them by the box, also bundles of the leather strips which had been pierced by another machine. It was then a comparatively easy matter for them to set the teeth themselves as they sat about the fireplace in the evening, or gathered in the afternoon at the home of some neighbor for a friendly chat; for even the few social affairs of these pioneers were closely allied to the stern tasks which confronted them in their struggle for existence.

One by one the magic hand of invention removed these tiresome tasks from the weary shoulders of the colonial housewives. In the latter part of the eighteenth century Amos Whittemore invented a machine which in a short space of time could turn out a fully made card. Finally, carding engines were invented in England—the forerunners of those marvelous machines now used in the mills of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company, which draw in the soft rolls of cotton lap, or batting, and carry them under a succession of revolving flats. The fine wire teeth brush off a thin film of the cotton, which emerges from the machine in a delicate white misty veil. When the carding machines were installed in the mills of the United States, the hand cards were gradually abandoned, and people sent their wool to the mills to be carded, even when it was spun and woven at home. It was not an uncommon thing in those days to see a young farmer's girl riding along the country lanes, from the mill, with a home-spun sheet filled with wool towering up behind her.

The Beginning of Cotton Mills

In 1789 there arrived in New York the man who has universally been called "the father of the American cotton industry." This was Samuel Slater, who put into successful operation in this country the system of cotton machines perfected by Richard Arkwright, the Englishman who in 1769 had erected at Nottingham the first practical cotton mills in the world. While Slater was running his mill at Pawtucket, he boarded with a family by the name of Wilkinson. It was Hannah, the daughter of this family and later Slater's wife, who conceived the idea of taking some fine Surinam cotton yarn which Slater had spun and twisting it on her own spinning wheel for sewing thread, in place of the linen twisted yarn. This led in 1793 to the manufacture of the first cotton thread in America.

A Reminiscence of Biddeford

Mrs. Miriam Mitchell, one of Biddeford's very old ladies, being now over ninety years of age, who lives within a few miles of the Pepperell Mills, tells of how her mother used to get the unginned cotton from the South, pick it out of the boll, card it with hand cards and spin it on the old spinning wheel, warp it onto the looms, weave it and dye it, and make it into dresses for herself —the whole process done by hand! She says that one day during the War of 1812 her mother, who was then a child of twelve, was weaving some cloth on the loom, when a British vessel which had come into Biddeford Pool to destroy the shipping of Captain Thomas Cutts, fired some cannon balls over the town. Many of the inhabitants ran and hid themselves, but her mother, fearing that, if she left the nearly completed cloth on the loom, the British would destroy it, continued with her work until it was finished and then ran and hid it in the pasture.

The Old Hand Loom

Hand weaving, now an almost forgotten art in New England, was practiced quite extensively in the colonial days. The old-fashioned loom consisted of a frame of four square wooden posts, about seven feet high, placed about as far apart as the posts of the old-time four-post bedstead. Across the back of the loom stretched the yarn-beam, about which the parallel warp-threads were wound and stretched to the cloth beam at the front of the loom.

More of the Old Hand Loom

A rather romantic accessory to the loom was the curious little contrivance known as the "swift"; a revolving, cylindrical frame upon which the skein of yarn was placed preparatory to winding it off on the bobbins for the shuttles or the spools for the warp. Lovers often made presents of beautifully carved swifts to the young ladies of their choice. Such a gift must have served as an inspiration to the weary worker during the slow process of weaving. The threads of the warp had to be placed in regular order upon the warp beam and set in the loom. Then came the "drawing in," where the end of each warp-thread was drawn with a warping needle in regular order through the eye of the harness, or "heddle," which consisted of a row of twines or wires stretched vertically between two horizontal bars which were about a foot apart, the upper being suspended by a pulley at the top of the loom and the lower fastened to the foot-treadle. The eye through which the warp-thread was drawn was in the center of each length of twine or wire. The warp was next drawn through the "sley," or reed, which was composed of short, thin strips of cane or metal set between two parallel bars of wood. The reed was placed in a groove along the lower edge of a heavy batten which, supported by two side bars, swung back and forth from an axle at the top of the loom, and as it swung, the reed forced every newly woven thread of the weft into place with the sharp blow which made the thwacking sound always associated with weaving at these hand looms.

Process of Hand Weaving

The actual process of weaving was threefold. By the action of one foot-treadle, one harness, or "heddle," which held every alternate warp-thread was lowered beneath the level of the rest of the warp, forming an opening through which the weaver threw the shuttle containing the weft, or filler, thread from one side of the loom to the other. The third step was the crowding of this thread into place by the batten. Another foot-treadle forced down the other warp-threads, which were drawn through a second set of harnesses, and the shuttle was thrown back; and so the process went on until yards of this durable home-spun fabric had been produced.

During the summer of 1775 there was heard throughout the length and breadth of New England the busy humming of the spinning wheel and the "thwack-thwack" of the hand looms, as the patriotic women of the colonies hastened to prepare thirteen thousand warm coats for Washington's army, which was jeeringly referred to by the English as the "Home-spuns."

Old-Time Bleaching and Dyeing

The materials which were not dyed were generally bleached by a slow and tedious process. In the old method of bleaching practised in England probably as early as the sixteenth century, sour milk and cow's dung were first used. The linen was then steeped in waste lye; and for a week boiling hot potash lye was poured over it, after which it was taken out and washed and then put into wooden vats of buttermilk, where it was allowed to remain under pressure for five or six days. Finally it was spread on the grass and left there for several months, care being taken to keep it wet. This latter part of the process was called crofting, while the steeping in the lyes was known as bucking. It often required from six to eight months to complete the process, during which time linen was apt to be stolen. This led to an enactment by George II, which made such an act a serious offense, punishable by death.

Gradually various improvements were made in the process of bleaching. Dr. Francis Home of Edinburgh discovered the value of sulphuric acid as a substitute for sour milk in the souring process, which could then be accomplished in a few hours where it had formerly taken days and weeks.

(Continued in Febuary)

A Case for Patience

Here is a sample letter recently received at our office, says the Dundalk Herald: "Dear Meester Editor: I got your letter about what I owe you. Now be pachunt. I ain't forgot you. It this waz judgment day and you was no more prepared to meet your Maker as I am to meet your account, you sure would have to go to hell. Trusting you will do this."

LOCAL SPORTING NEWS

KERWIN TWOMEY.

State Champion Here

Bill Manning, the champion pin artist of Maine, who bowled with the crack Monument Square bowling team of Portland against Lady Pepperell, at the Pastime alleys, Wednesday evening, December 28, found a worthy opponent in Pierre Jordan, one of the stars of the classy outfit representing Lady Pepperell. The best Manning could do was 313 for a three-string total and Jordan rolled the same total, which speaks well for our star.

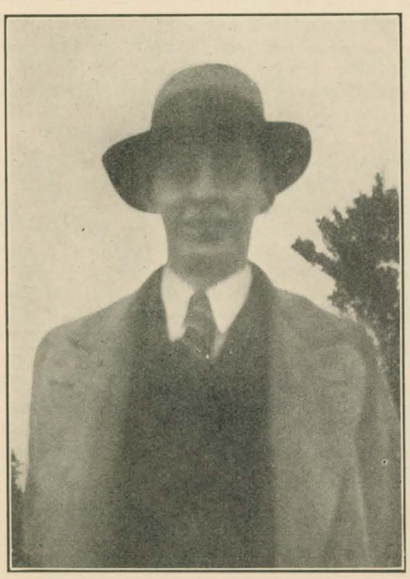
Monument Square took over the Lady Pepperell team, finishing with an 87-pin margin, although they caught the local team with Charley Benjamin and Captain Bill Keene hitting away below form. The visitors got away to a 16-pin lead in the first string, then went over 500 for their next two and walked away from the local team.

Bill Manning's team-mate, Smith, turned in better bowling, hitting 320 for a total, and Flaherty of the visitors led Manning for high single by one pin. Grover Keene went well, with 310 for a total and Hodga came back after a bad start to hit 296.

Flaherty, Smith and Manning did the best work for the visitors, all three hitting 300 and better.

The scores:

Monument Square				
Carbeau	87	109	101	297
Griffith	92	89	88	269
Flaherty	118	100	82	300
Smith	108	99	113	320
Manning	88	108	117	313
	493	505	501	1499
Lady Pepperell				
G. Keene	118	98	94	310
Benjamin	74	82	79	235
Jordan	105	100	108	313
C. Keene	89	84	85	258
Hodga	91	93	112	296
	477	457	478	1412



The final and complete answer to "A Maiden's Prayer." Joseph Bauer, a little foggy, if you please, but otherwise all to the good.

Baby Pepperell Lose

A new bowling team has sprung up in our midst. It is the Baby Pepperell five, and while they did not win their first battle with Lady Pepperell, Manager Joe Vachon says "A bad start means a good wind-up."

The first game was played at the Pastime alleys Friday evening, January 6, and started out like a victory for the Baby Pepperell boys, as they ran up a total of 475, while the best Capt. Bill Keene's boys could do was 470. The second and third strings spelled defeat for Baby Pepperell.

Capt. Bill Keene was the big feature of the game, with 118 for his first string and 324 for his total. He rolled 116 in the second but fell down to 90 for the third stanza. Pierpont Jordan, the old reliable, had a night off. It was his first match to be under the 300 total for a long time. Pierpone rolled 117 for his second string. Grover Keene had his eyes on the tall timbers, shooting 115 for one string and 302 for the total. Rivers and Pelletier did the best work for Baby Pepperell.

Now that the two teams have met on the battle field it is expected that other games will be arranged and then watch out for classy bowling. It takes a mighty good team to beat the star Pepperell aggregation.

The scores:

Lady Pepperell				
G. Keene	85	115	102	302
C. Benjamin	82	96	81	264
P. Jordan	95	117	85	297
C. Keene	118	116	90	324
L. Hodga	90	89	89	268
	470	533	452	1455
Baby Pepperell				
Vachon	94	93	81	268
Rivers	94	108	89	291
Pelletier	97	98	104	299
Binette	91	95	88	273
Emin	100	94	87	281
	475	488	449	1412

Pepperell To Have Hockey Team

The Pepperell Social and Athletic Club is to be represented in the game of hockey, locally, this winter, and, judging from reports, the club will have some mighty good players of the great out-door game in their lineup There are a number of the leading hockey players of the two cities at present working in the two plants of the Pepperell. An organization is being effected and a manager and captain elected. A hockey league, locally, would go a long way towards boosting sports among the operatives and give them something to enjoy during the winter months.

Among the star hockey players now laboring in the Pepperell and who are ready to play under the colors of the Pepperell Social and Athletic Club is Ralph Loizon, who is connected with the lunch cart and who is considered by experts at the game to be one of the best centers locally. He learned the game while at school in Canada. Arthur Pepin of Plant A spool room, "Red" Cote of the weaving department, Albert Hamel of the lunch cart department and son of President Amedee Hamel, Young Lessard of the weaving department, are others who stand ready to get out and play and put Pepperell on the map in the hockey game. They would make a great team to start with. They are mostly graduates of schools in Canada.

On top of this comes the good news that a noted professional hockey player, who knows the game from A to Z, is willing to come to Biddeford and coach the Pepperell boys and give them a good start.

What more is wanted? First class material and a professional coach.

All put their shoulders to the wheel and help put the Pepperell Social and Athletic Club hockey team over the top.

President Amedee Hamel is greatly interested in the hockey game and he is doing all he can to make the team a success. He has had the boys meet and organize and get ready for a game as soon as conditions warrant.

To Resume Boxing

It will be good news to the fans of the two cities to know that the Pepperell Social and Athletic Club is to resume boxing shows at their hall the first of February. There have been no shows on account of the holidays and for various other reasons, but now the club officials feel certain that the time is ripe to get the sport going again. Promoter Travers has been careful in keeping in touch with the fans and has had good advice in determining that boxing could not be made to pay the past two months, and he was right. Now conditions look better, and the old saying is, "Let's Go."

Dancing and Social

The announcement is made that the Social and Athletic Club is to resume dancing and socials at the club hall, to which a small admission will be charged. The dances will be run one night a week and are bound to be a big drawing card. President Amedee Hamel is behind the movement and he likes nothing better than to see young as well as old enjoy themselves. "I was young myself one day," said the genial Pete, "and I feel just as young today. Everybody enjoy themselves, and that is what the Pepperell Social and Athletic Club wishes everybody."

Ten String Match

Just keep your ear to the ground. A ten-string bowling match is in the making. It is between members of the Lady Pepperell champion bowling five, and has been in the air for the past six weeks. The challengers are Archie King and Lefty Hodga, who are only too anxious to meet Capt. Bill Keene and Charley Benjamin. Capt. Bill says he is almost willing to accept if Charley Benjamin will bowl his best, which is a sure 300 or more for a three-string total. Capt. Bill says he has pulled Charley along all winter and he does not want to face the firing squad of King and Hodga unless he has some certainty of winning. He has requested that he be allowed to take Pierpont Jordan, and this is the cause of a big wail from Messrs. King and Hodga, who say, why not go to Portland and get Bill Manning? However, there are plenty of bowling fans who are of the opinion that Capt. Bill Keene and Charley Benjamin against Archie King

and Lefty Hodga would make a pretty even match and one that would be hard to pick the winners. Some say Charley is going to show his old-time form, especially against Archie. On top of this, Charley says he can beat Archie at any old form. To make it more interesting Benjamin has confided to a few friends that he has quietly been working on a new ball that he has developed and feels certain that it will spell defeat for Archie any time they meet in 10 or 20 strings. Come on, Capt. Bill and Archie, as captains, sign up and settle the big argument.

Now for Records

The latest in bowling is Jere Buckley and Syl Kelley, who have got the bug and are spending spare moments trying to hit the tall timbers. They are thinking seriously of challenging Charles P. Kearney and Hackett Hazelton. Buckley is craving to meet Hackett, but says he is ashamed to challenge him.

Young Brown Ready

The challenge of Manager Phelan of Portland to match Red Grange against Young Brown of the Pepperell stable of boxers is just what Manager Tom Travers wants. "Of course Young Brown will accept the challenge, over the single six or double six route," said the manager. "Red Grange will never see the day that he can beat Brown. He is ready to meet Red Grange any day in the week, and when they do meet again in the ring it will be a much better Young Brown." The two have met on several occasions and Young Brown has proved his superiority in the majority of the bouts. The two always put up slashing bouts and the next one will be a great drawing card.

It would be a swell attraction for the next Pepperell boxing show.

Well, Well, Well.

Capt. Bill Keene and his warriors representing Lady Pepperell were given a bad set-back in their game with the star Westbrook outfit at the Pastime alleys Thursday night, January 12, and as a result Manager Archie King is thinking seriously of having an elimination series for the Pepperell members. Of course, any good man has an off day, but Manager King is wondering when some will have a good day. He says that does not mean himself.

There was a difference of 91 pins in the grand three string totals. Capt. King and Charley Benjamin were tied with 267 for their totals. Pierpont Jordan got a bad start, but managed to roll 299 for his total. Lelty Hodga also made a good showing.

"Wait until we meet Chamard and his Westbrook boys again," said Manager King, "and look for a different outcome."

The summary:

Westbrook

Murray	102	86	91	279
Poulos	94	116	117	327
D. Chamard	95	89	93	277
McCoyne	82	93	96	271
L. Chamard	89	106	109	304
Totals	462	490	506	1458

Lady Pepperell

G. Keene	78	96	86	260
Benjamin	81	95	81	257
Jordan	95	101	103	299
C. Keene	91	81	85	257
Hodga	91	106	97	294
Total	436	479	452	1367

Fourteen Points of the League of Safety Last

For the benefit of employees who are of the opinion that "Safety First" is all bunk, the following rules are promulgated:

1. Never bother to turn over an upturned nail. A nail is a small affair, but very effective in producing blood poisoning and lockjaw. It's a shame to discourage the little germ in his efficient program.

2. Never wear goggles. They look funny. Instead, take a chance of losing an eye or two. This might open up bright possibilities for an easy lead pencil or shoestring job. You won't see your family, but it will be easy to see your finish.

3. Never think of the other fellow. This shows a high degree of independence. Of course, you might kill him, but he has only eight children and should have sense enough to refuse to work with you.

4. If you work around machinery, the best way to improve your surroundings is to get drunk. This usually results in your being promoted to a suburban location amid quiet environments among quiet people, where the sunlight flickers on glistening stones.

5. Do all scuffling and horse-playing near open elevator shafts, stairways or windows. This method opens a way for your wife to get a nice job in a restaurant. And think of the fun you had.

6. Always use weak, rickety scaffolds to work on. This is much more attractive since the war, as wheel chairs are not as costly as formerly; $50 will buy a nice one now, and if you take Johnny out of high school he can earn enough money to buy one in a month or two. You can get lots of enjoyment out of it by imagining it's a flivver.

7. If your wife enjoys washing clothes, you will be able to indulge her in this little whim by disregarding any cut or scratch you may receive. Infection will soon set in and—Eureka! She can begin at once. And, besides, science has developed very nice artificial limbs since the war.

8. If you are a foreman and a workman suggests a safety device for a machine, forget it. If he should chance to get killed on his machine you will feel fine and his family will visit you very often (in your dreams). This is especialy recommended for fat foremen, as it has a tendency to reduce flesh.

9. It is possible that you have brains. If you have and do not believe in "Safety First" you do not want the disgraceful secret known. In a case like this the following method is outlined: On your way to work just climb through a string of moving cars. Better to do this in sight of a large number of your fellow workers, and they will solemnly assert that you haven't a brain. This system fools 'em. To keep up the deception you should do this every once in a while or somebody might get next. However, if you should be fortunate enough to fall between the moving cars you've got them fooled forever.

10. Always wear loose, ragged clothing, especially if you are working in a machine shop. They are your clothes and your legs and arms. You can do as you please with them. If you want to get rid of a limb or two you are on the right track, and the only complaint the foreman has is of the way you mussed up the shop.

11. If you happen to have a case of Ford fever, the method to follow is always to try to beat the engine to the crossing. This treatment has been known to cure some of the worst cases. It works better if you have your family with you in the auto.

12. Don't let anybody slip that old bunk to you about sanitation, hygiene or cleanliness. There's nothing to it. Be as dirty as you want to. Look how healthy a hog is.

13. Never watch your step. Roll your trucks up and down the aisles and through doors. After knocking down a fellow workman and breaking a couple of ribs or smashing his shins, yell loudly, "Look out!" They all appreciate these delicate attentions.

14. Never ring the elevator bell. Stick your head over the gate and yell to the operator and then wait. He will locate you presently and help put you on the stretcher. Elevator operators are very thoughtful that way.

New Year Resolution for Safety Men

"I hereby resolve that throughout the year 1928

I will practice in the shop, on the street, and at home what I preach in the plant.

I will do everything in my power to provide for the workers in my plant safe and healthful conditions.

I will not fail to express appreciation of good safety work done by the men in the plant.

I will make a real effort to secure the adoption of safety instruction in the schools of my community.

I will use the full service of the National Safety Council and avail myself of all the facilities offered by membership in the Council.

I will get out among my men so that I may see THEIR problems as I expect them to see MINE.

"I hereby resolve that throughout the year

I will count that day lost in which I have not brought one more convert to the cause of Safety.

—National Safety News, December 27, 1920

Gospel of Safety

"There is a new industrial philosophy abroad. The new word is: "Nothing is so valuable economically as the man." The stronger, the longer-lived, the happier, the more ambitious he is, the better for mankind. Injury and death are the fruits of ignorance, recklessness and greed. A death toll is no part of a properly managed industry. It is wasteful. The saving of life thus becomes an industrial issue. In more than one American industry it has become a gospel—a gospel which, defended as a sound economic policy, is practiced with the whole-heartedness and zeal of a religion."
—Ida M. Tarbell.

Never pay attention to any "Safety First" hints or suggestions. If you get hurt nobody suffers but you or your family. If you want them to be "up against it" that's your business. Just play the game according to these fourteen points and you will live happy—but not long.

—Julius King Optical Company.

HEARD ABOUT THE PLANT

SPINNING ROOM 25-B---ABOUT 1912

The following are included in the picture:

Front Row: Alice Rochefort, Yvonne Beaudoin, Rose Beaudoin, O. Parent, Lucy McHenry, Alma Labracque, Mary Merchant, Laura Goudreau, A. Drapeau and M. Goudreau.

Second Row: Mary Roy, L. Pelletier, A. Coulombe, B. Paul, R. Chretien, S. Lambert, Pierre Beaudoin, Eva Cote, F. Brochu, E. Boisse, J. Ducharme and D. Clement.

Third Row: Mary Lemey, E. Coulombe, Rose Bergeron, Maria Louzier, F. Caton, J. Levecque, Agnes Couture, Mary Levecque, P. Beaudoin, Lacy Wilson, C. H. McCarty.

Back Row: Thomas Mierek, S. Huot, Bouthot, R. Beauchemin, Trembley, Baillargeon and Oscar Neault.

CLOTH ROOM NOTES

BY PEARL MURPHY

When May Howard asked Lavallie if all good looking men were conceited he immediately replied: "I'm not!"

Adolph advised Joe Martin to never fail to embrace an opportunity. Joe observed that it all depends upon the form of the opportunity. We might say that this is intended to be taken literally.

Now that Christmas and the joys incumbent to it are over we find Irene Alarie observing St. Louis time.

Lost, strayed or stolen: One scrubber. Last seen strolling down the spare floor with (————). Try to guess the whole story, Mary.

The following ode is indicative of the Springtime that we hope to have with us ere many days go by. It is dedicated to Romeo Beaulieu:

"I do not feel sorry we parted
And tenderly said a good-bye,
For one year ago our love started
And now it is time love should die.
"Affairs cannot go on forever;
Extended flirtations are wrong—
And it always has been my endeavor
To love a girl well but not long!"

"I'll get you now," said Cassie to the little sloughs as she put on her new glasses.

Now that winter is here we are wondering how Stewart Herrick will get down to Gorham. Snowshoes, perhaps, eh, Stewart?

"Sweets" to the sweet, said Walter Caton as he presented Louise Bertrand with a box of candy.

"Absence makes the heart grow bolder," said Lena Carr as she called up her Wesley.

Who said Oscar couldn't play football? Just watch him tackle one of those cuts and you'll change your mind.

It must be nice to be as popular as Alec. He is always on the job. Well for you that you do not have to worry about this being Leap Year, Alec.

CLOTH ROOM NOTES

BY BEATRICE VEILLEUX

Miss Yvonne Carrier of this department made a very pretty bride indeed, as she was led to the altar by Mr. O. Roy of this city. After a short honeymoon the couple will reside in Biddeford. Congratulations and best wishes to the young couple from all their friends.

Miss Laura Guertin was a visitor in Portland and Lewiston during the week shut-down.

The Misses Antoinette and Simonne Hannah and Laurette Bonneau attended a recent performance at Keith's in Portland.

Mrs. Margaret Willette entertained her daughter, Mrs. Madeline Campbell of Portland over the week-end of the 7th.

Mrs. Isabelle Fontaine attended a wedding reception in Lawrence, Mass., recently.

They are passing this one around the room: "If Lindbergh and Santa Claus were to start on a race to the North Pole, which would arrive first?" And the answer is: "Lindbergh—'cause there ain't no Santa Claus."

Yvonne: Who was the peach with you last night?

Arthur: Wasn't a peach; 'twas a grapefruit.

Yvonne: Why a grapefruit?

Arthur: I squeezed her and she hit me in the eye.

SPOOLING 85-B

BY YVETTE CARRIER

Our hopes are all in vain! Print's chewing tobacco again!

Winders Four

Little winders four
How busy you look
Working all the hour
Then checking up your book.
The cones, oh, how they grow!
Under your clever hand,
Like so many balls of snow
Made by a jolly band.
Though working all the while
You always seem happy
For at the end of each day
You greet us with a smile!

I can't understand why Nellie and Dick didn't sign a treaty of peace—at least for New Year's!

Our popular winder, Alexina, has been called Mary Pickford of late. Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

Every time Melvina Leonard weighs herself she loses her smile for a couple of days.

Ida Picard could easily be called "The Morning Star."

Melvina Leonard was recently called to

JACKY HENCHY

Little nephew of Joseph Brady. "Jacky" is two years old and Joe is very proud of him.

Here we have some of the best spoolers of Room 123. In the picture are Marie Belanger, Valea Sylvain, Alice Hurd, Alice Letendre, Mary Allard and Louise Letendre.

Manchester on account of the death of her aunt, Mrs. Provencher.

Emelia Fournier visited her sister in Salem over the Christmas holidays.

We are all wondering if Dan Twomey will keep his New Year's resolutions.

How did you spend your vacation, Alphonsine? You didn't say a word about it.

CARDING

ROOM 83-A

BY DOT WILCOX

Mary Kasper, who is confined to her home at Old Orchard with a severe cold is improving slowly.

We wonder why Eva Thompson and Marie Lamirande always go walking over in Saco? There must be some attraction.

By the way, Eva, who is the tall, dark, good-looking man?

The girls in Room 94 have fallen hard for the new slubber boy, who, by the way, is only 16 years old. You see, he really is a woman hater, so the girls have named him "Lindy."

We are very sorry to hear that Beatrice Morin is very ill at her home on Washington street. We all wish her a most speedy recovery.

Guess that Charley Pierce didn't get any squash pie for Christmas after all. Charley forgot to hang his stocking by the chimney, therefore, he got no pie.

If everyone in this department keeps his New Years resolutions he is certain to have a very happy and prosperous New Year. Here's wishing them one.

Joseph Sharon is starting the New Year right. He tells me he is going to saw half a cord of wood after supper every night with a hand saw. Between you and me, folks, he's trying to reduce.

ROOM 23-B

BY MILDRED DICKERSON

Henri Henaire recently underwent an operation for appendicitis and is coming along nicely.

Gans Varios is out again on account of sickness. Gans is having bad luck lately. Perhaps the New Year will bring better.

Alice Leclerc entertained company from Worcester with a midnight supper which was served on New Year's eve.

Charles Potvin is burning the midnight oil nowadays. Charles has a new radio and where he used to retire at 8 the hour is now near 1 a. m. when he hits the hay.

WEAVING

ROOM 13-2

BY JEANNE CANTARA

Everyone seems to be glad to get back to work after the vacation. Hope everyone found what they wished for in their stockings and that Santa was able to get around to all. Even a diamond ring was quite an acceptable gift.

Mrs. Callahan has left the hospital and is now convalescing at the home of her son. We hope she will be back soon.

It is rumored that the wedding bells will soon be ringing for Edwina and Ralph. Have you seen her diamond?

Mr. Dube has offered a large reward for the capture of the culprits who have been making away with his lunch. Dead or alive, the reward stands. The party or parties evidently have the same taste as Mr. Dube, but the other day he was particularly upset when he found a note in his dinner box which read: "Kindly bring in a fish sandwich tomorrow—it's Friday."

Arthur G. was a recent visitor at the Congress Square Hotel broadcasting station WCSH. On second honeymoon. Please stand by.

Talk about your New Year Resolutions. Ask Jeannie about hers!

We asked Jimmy what his resolution might be and he replied: "I resolve to be a married man during the year 1928—for better or for worse."

The way to put the question is not "What did he have in his pocket," but "What did she have in her package."

Carrie Copp started the New Year right by taking a great interest in the Salvation Army.

WEAVING 10-2

Bill Sheehan is the proud father of a baby girl. Step up and get your smokes, boys!

Willie Normand went rabbit hunting during the shut-down. He says the first one he shot at he didn't hit, the next one he hit in the same place, and that he got three in all.

Our runner boy, W. L. Sherwood, made the statement before he was married that he was going to be the boss or know the reason why; well, he's married now, but he isn't boss; does he know the reason why?

One of the weavers in the room was heard to remark that the 100-inch looms would indicate that Lady Pepperell is some "broad."

ENGINEERING

BY ELLERY BRYANT

Fon York claims Stafford purchased a cake of soap last month. Stafford says he found it. Place your bets, gentlemen.

Allie Staples, foreman of the boiler room in Plant B suffered a severe attack of typhoid fever this past month. "Al" has the sympathy of his many friends in the corporation and we hope to see him at his position as soon as possible.

Carl Hall, the Pepperell Songbird, spent part of his quarterly vacation in and around Boston town. Carl mastered some interesting and intricate steps, the most suggestive and exhilarative of which is called the "Howard Shimmy."

Omar Bouffard has severed connections with the company.

Willie Wilson is a great booster for (—) cigars. Have been looking for a few samples, but, as yet, have been unsuccessful.

Al Hill's Hudson must be a trick car. Saw it turn around in the road twice, and when "Al" came to he was headed for home!

About time for Charlie to start another moustache!

Saw John Pare at an old fashioned breakdown a short time ago. John shakes a mean hoof, and makes the youngsters hustle for the favor of the fair sex.

Punk Lavigne kept the old arm chair warm during the shut-down and has been freezing ever since the mill started.

The engineering department is still waiting for a response in regard to their challenge to the electrical department for a bowling match. This department is ready for a match, and if our good friends do not care to bowl for fun they will find us in a receptive mood for more advanced conditions.

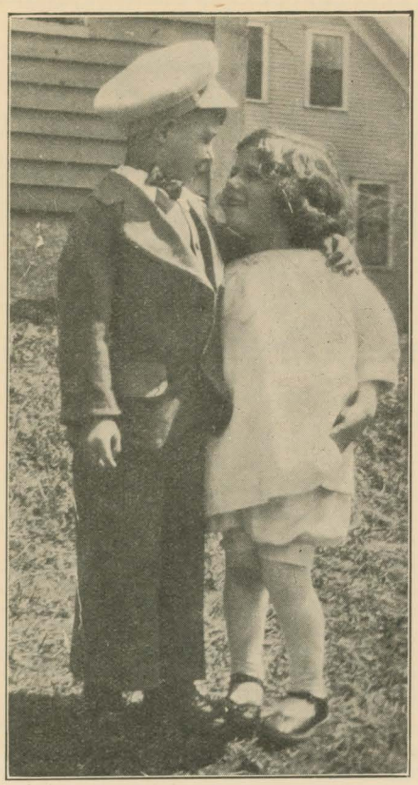
(Editorial Note: The Editor would be greatly pleased to see the above challenge accepted. While the policy of the paper is to repeat such matter as the above when necessary, this particular item is getting too dog-gone familiar to most of us.)

Harley says its a tough life—no banquets for six weeks!

William Wilson, foreman of the oil room, has placed an order for a Ford Tudor Sedan for spring delivery.

Peter Wilson passed away the vacation by traveling to Chicago and Washington, D. C. While in Washington Pete had the pleasure of meeting President Coolidge.

And while we are talking about people



Little Madeline Carrier is the sister of Miss Yvette Carrier of Spinning 85-A. She is shown with her little friend, Paul Valliere.

politically inclined, we are moved to say, in the words of a local politician, we write this stuff "with Divine aid," and the fact that it is printed shows that we must have cooperation in a spiritual way.

OFFICE NOTES

BY IROL MYOWN

Mrs. Eon says she knows one of our office workers who visited a movie and parked (his or her) gum under the seat. It was Teaberry. When (he or she) reached for it and chewed it a little later on in the evening—lo! and behold!—the flavor had changed to Spearmint!

Mr. William Sweetsir, Sr., is thinking strongly of doing something to curb the interest in the art calendar which hangs in his office. Many varied expressions of the critics have him guessing as to what should be done with the picture.

Ray Clark's shoe laces traveled in a wide circle before returning to the owner. He bought them for 10c. They were picked up by Miss Hamel and sold for 9c. They were resold for 11c. When Ray finally found his property it cost him 12c to recover same, making his total expense of the laces 22c. They wholesale at 3c per pair. Oh, yes. Ray's a business man. Ahem!

The recent skating party calls for comments: Here they are:

Philip Whitehead spent a hectic evening at getting the traffic in shape. Two cars were pulled out of the ditch by this young man, who is an expert at manipulating the wheel.

Joe Bauer likes coffee with a half pound of salt in it.

The telephone was a source of much annoyance during the evening. Central was a good sport and when Joe wished her a Happy New Year she replied, "Hello, Wisecracker!"

Those apple pies were delicious. Congratulations to the makers!

The polo game was a failure. Too many people were sitting in the puddles around the goal posts.

Prescott's green necktie was one of the brightest spots of the party.

Joe's ghost story, about the table moving around, etc., was a flop. We expected to hear shrieks and wails of anguish from different corners of the room and all we got was a tired sigh from the young lady roasting marshmallows in front of the fireplace!

The girls did well in preparing the supper. The only thing they omitted was a grease gun for Joe to use in getting the catsup out of the bottle.

Prescott: "Never mind, Eleanor; I'm not as dumb as I look."

Eleanor: "No, Prescott; you coudn't be!"

The following poem was born in the rumble seat of a Ford:

Lightabees outabees in the parlorum,
Boyabees kissabees girla somemorum;
Papabees hearabees big smackorum.
Kickabees boyabees out the back doorum;
Boyabees limpabees all the way horum;
Swearabees kissabees girla no morum.

COTTON HOUSE NOTES

BY EDWARD CHARBONNEAU

Hughie McGarity was out sick recently. Anyway, he lost five pounds.

Albert: What's your horse named?

Balie: I call him Regulator; all the other horses go by him.

William Hoctor of New York, formerly of this department, was a visitor in Biddeford during the holidays.

Hughie: My hair is falling out. Know anything to keep it in?

Dan: Sure; a small box.

Next time that you see Joe Whitworth ask him how he tried to talk to Billy Oakes over the 'phone one night.

John, dear, how do you suppose those dozens and dozens of bottles ever got into the cellar?

Why, I don't know, my dear. I never bought an empty bottle in my life!

We all know that Billy Oakes is false. Ask him why, he might tell.

Frank Roussin claims that man has one advantage. As the weather grows warmer he can discard something.

James Malloy is a radio fan now. Jim said he got Chile the other night. We wonder how? Perhaps he stuck his head out of the window and got (Chilly).

'Twas the night before pay day and all
through my jeans,
I hunted in vain for ways and means,
Not a quarter was stirring, not even a jit,
The kale was off duty, the greenbacks had
quit;
Forward, turn forward, O time in your
flight,
And make it tomorrow,—just for tonight!

A prohibitionist was giving a lecture and during his remarks said, "I wish that all the liquor in the world was at the bottom of the sea." A voice from the rear cried out, "So do I!" "Ah," said the lecturer, "I have a prohibitionist friend here tonight." "Oh, no, you haven't," said the man; "I'm a deep sea diver."

I Am Carelessness

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.
I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.
I am more deadly than bullets and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.
I steal, in the United States alone, over $300,000,000 each year.
I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.
I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.
I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners a year.
I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.
I am relentless.
I am everywhere—in the house, on the streets, in the factory, at railroad crossings, and on the sea.
I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.
I destroy, curse or maim. I give nothing, but take all.
I am your worst enemy.

Dollar Down, Dollar a Week!

A friend of mine bought a gramaphone,
For a dollar down and dollar a week.
This is the easiest graft I've known—
This dollar down and a dollar a week.
So he bought a chair and a fountain pen,
A runabout car and a stove and then
A set of the "Lives of Our Famous Men,"
Was a dollar down and a dollar a week.
Then he bought two bran' new radio sets,
At a dollar down and a dollar a week,
And a dozen cartons of cigarets,
Was a dollar down and a dollar a week.
Then he bought a ring that was fair to see
For the lily-white hand of his bride to be;
And after the wedding the minister's fee
Was a dollar down and a dollar a week.
Then he bought a house for his familee
For a dollar down and a dollar a week.
And when they got sick the doctor's fee,
Was a dollar down and a dollar a week.
Then said his wife, "I must be free;
These weekly payments are ruining me!"
So she got a divorce and the alimonee
Was a dollar down and a dollar a week!

Free Advertising

Note: A free advertising service is available for all employees of Pepperell.

Advertisements should carry the street address or 'phone number, your name and the room in which you work. Your name will not be published unless requested.

Electrical Jobbing

House wiring, repair work, etc., neatly done. Price reasonable. If you have any work of this kind please let me know and oblige

LEON HARRIMAN,
43 Myrtle Street,
City. Tel. 993-M.

For sale—A Waltham gold case watch. Will sell for $5.00 cash. If interested

Address X,
Care Pepperell Sheet.

Will some one please identify me? I am realy a good baby and my name should be under my picture. If I find out who I am my picture will be printed again next month with my name.

Cotton Crop Situation

(Author—Retired)

Cotton is the overcoat of a seed that is planted and grown in the Southern States to keep the producer broke and the buyer crazy. The fibre varies in color and weights, and the man who can guess the nearest the price of the crop is called a cotton man by the public, a fool by the farmer, and a poor business man by his creditors. The price of cotton is determined in New York and goes up when you have sold and down when you have bought.

A buyer working for a group of cotton mills was sent to New York to watch the cotton market and after a few days' deliberation, wired his firm to this effect:

"Some think it will go up and some think it will go down; I do too. Whatever you do will be wrong act at once."

Cotton is planted in the spring, mortgaged in the summer and left in the field in the winter.

You can and you can't; you will and you won't.

Be damned if you do and damned if you don't.

A New Platform Erected

A new platform has been erected in the Club room for the purpose of dance orchestras. It was found that the acoustics of the hall were poor under the old arrangement, and this is a distinct improvement. The stage is, of course, intact and available for plays or whatever it may be needed for. The new platform is located against the wall at a point about midway of the hall.

Someone put a sign on "Bill" Sweetsir's (Jr.) desk which read "Welcome, Amundsen!"

KEEP THE PICTURES COMING!

There's a Movie Director in Camp!

Beatitudes

I. Blessed is the man who exerciseth every care to protect the lives and limbs of his fellow workmen, for he shall never stand at the bier of his comrades and say "how natural he looks."

II. Blessed is the man who keepeth a close watch on his steam gauge, and watcheth the water.

III. Blessed is the man who is clean of heart, mind, and soul, for he will be clean of person, and will furnish no lodging place for germs, for a germ flyeth like the froth on the river, from cleanliness.

IV Blessed is the painter who looketh well to all his ladders and scaffolding before allowing his men to walk thereon, for he shall not stand sorrowfully and with downcast head beside a fallen comrade and say, "I thought it was safe."

V. Blessed is the man who, when handling acid of any kind weareth rubber gloves, for he will always have the use of hands given him by the Lord, with which to reach out and help himself.

VI. Blessed is he who loadeth his trucks carefully and well, for he endangereth not the life of any man, and on the last day he shall tread the path of roses.

VII. Blessed is the man (or woman) who, when sweeping, maketh as little dust as possible, for know they not that every kind of germ sitteth on each particle of dust, and seeketh refuge in the nasal passages, lungs and other cavities and there multiplieth into millions, causing great distress to him who inhaleth the dust, and on the last day, the Lord will say to the careless sweeper, "Depart from me, for thou art unclean."

VIII. Blessed is he who keepeth all guards over belts, gears, revolving bolt heads, turning shafts, or any fast moving machinery that might catch the clothing or person of a fellow workman and permanently disable him, thus causing him to end his days in sorrow.

IX. Thrice blessed are they who practice Safety in all things, for they are performing the will of the Guardian Angel.

Rules for Workmen

1. There is always more than one side to every question. Look for at least two sides before you speak or act.

2. Stand for what is just, right, and fair for yourself, and the company on all occasions.

3. Do not be afraid to express your honest opinion, but be reasonable and patient.

4. Try to do your work efficiently, and avoid increasing the worries of your foreman.

5. Remember that every piece of work slighted or inefficiently performed is a direct loss in wages for some of your fellow-workmen, and also a loss to you.

6. Take criticisms kindly. The person giving it has your best intentions in view. He may be wrong, but give him the benefit of the doubt.

7. No one can foretell your day of opportunity. It comes early to some, late to others. The only way to be ready is to do your duty every day.

8. Master monotony, then all other jobs are pleasure.

9. Take an interest in the success of your fellow-workmen—help them to succeed.

10. Don't hesitate about asking your foreman questions. It is better to make him mad that way than to spoil a piece of work.

CONGRATULATIONS, FRED!

The many friends of our genial machine shop foreman, Fred Grace, will be pleased to know that he is the proud daddy of a nine-pound girl, born to Mr. Grace and his wife on December 11th. Fred is passing around the smokes.

Sing a song of safety first,
Take it out with care,
Or before, you know, you'll put
Something far worse there!

PEPPERELL SHEET

LEWISTON DIVISION

The Lewiston Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Lowell Divisions.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
HARRY J VAUGHN

ASSISTANTS
MINNIE DOBSON
HAROLD LONERGAN

CARTOONIST
CARL PROCTOR

WHITE FOLDING ROOM

Mrs. Eva Bourgeau, better known as Eva Gastonguay to employees of the Bleachery, was a recent visitor to our department. She is now pleasantly located at Revere, Mass.

Johnny Simard recently entertained a group of friends at a card party at his home. Johnny is a clever card manipulator and has many trophies emblematic of his skill.

Bernice Brochu received many beautiful cards at Christmas and New Years.

Gilberte Martin enjoyed a recent snowshoe hike to Greene.

Tom Meehan spoke on his adventures in the Canadian jungles at a recent meeting of the Noon Day Club.

Ed Finner is willing to testify that there is a Santa Claus. Ed was generously remembered at Christmas.

Paul Lavigne is handling a string of boxers this winter. His headliner is a chap by the name of Evans, who Paul claims can lick his weight in wild cats.

Ulric Fontaine is in his glory again now that the hockey season is going full tilt.

Dido Leclair is now seen quite frequently in New Auburn. What's the attraction over there, Dido?

Henry Roy has received many compliments for the Christmas cover which he furnished for the Sheet.

Loretta Bissonette is rooting for the Salisbury team to win in the bowling league.

Adolphe (Menjou) Buteau will soon appear in a new vaudeville sketch entitled "A Clean Sweep."

LEO SOUCY
And the pride of the fleet.

NAPPING ROOM

Pete Vallancourt, Sr., has erected a ski jump at the rear of his home and is getting in a lot of practice at this sport.

The boys of this department should organize a bowling team. With such bowlers as Leger, Bissonette, Giroux and St. Pierre on our roster we should make any department extend themselves to win.

Louis Bosse cut a few fancy figures at the City Park skating rink last Sunday.

Emile Morin is very much interested in the new Ford and we shall not be surprised if we see him at the wheel of one next spring.

Pete Vallancourt, Jr., is a great rooter for the St. Dom's hockey club and always occupies a front seat at the games.

GREY ROOM GOSSIP

Ludger Garneau enjoyed a hike to Rumford Junction on Christmas Day.

Kid Renaud spent the last week at Sabattus, where he enjoyed a bit of ice fishing.

Fred Barbour acted as Santa Claus at the annual Grey Room Christmas tree. Fred handed out gifts with a lavish hand and was especially generous to Lou Driscoll.

Frank Shufeldt has become such a radio bug that he doesn't go to bed at all now. He claims that the beautiful music which he hears in China, Australia and Ireland more than makes up for any little sleep which he might lose.

Pete Pelletier is giving Babe Renaud quite a battle for the lead in the bowling league. Keep it up, Pete, you'll catch him yet.

FRAME ROOM

Tom Driscoll was a recent visitor to the Auburn Y. M. C. A., where he watched the Bleachery boys go through their stunts.

Tony Pleakie is showing great promise in his wrestling. Last week he took on Vallancourt, the time office champion, and showed the latter a few tricks.

Bill Manning says that Lonergan and Dinan are the best players on the St. Dom hockey team.

Jim Donovan has become a hockey addict and attends all of the games on the City Park Rink.

Neil Conley entertained his brother, Bing, and several other well known Boston boxers on Christmas Day.

Charlie Morrell says it is pretty cold down by the crooked bridge.

COLORED FOLDING ROOM

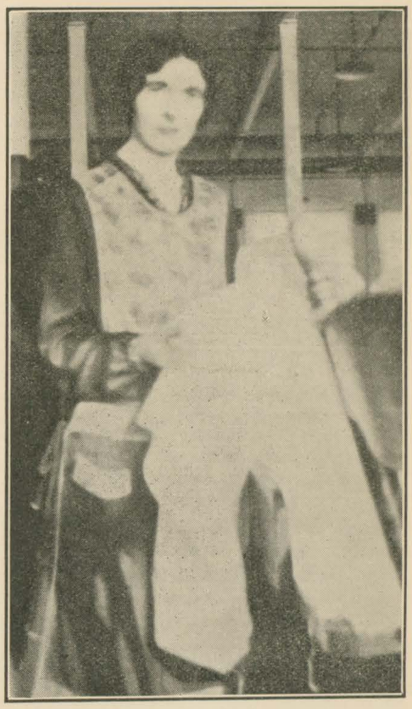
Johnny McKenna has been attending the theatres more than usual lately and he hasn't been alone, either.

Pete Michaud has made up his mind to try out for the Lincoln Stars baseball team next spring. Pete was quite a player in his day and thinks that he can still show up some of the younger athletes.

The Locust Male Quartet, which is made up of boys in this department, rendered several selections in the City Park on New Years eve, but were finally silenced by the police.

Jim O'Kane reports the skiing to be wonderful in the neighborhood of his house.

Johnny Nolin is keeping in shape this winter by playing center for the Thorne's Corner basketball team.



MINNIE DOBSON
Forelady of the Sheet Factory machine operators. Mary Bolduc is an interested spectator in the background.

Ralph Verville appears to be quite well satisfied with married life.

Alec Pelchat has been doing a lot of bowling lately and has been turning in some good scores.

The girls of the Sewing Circle met at the home of Esther Crowley for the December meeting and a fine program was enjoyed. Hazel Isobel arrayed as Santa Claus distributed gifts among the members and these evoked much merriment. The girls sang all of the familiar carols after which Miss Crowley served a delightful welsh rabbit.

PACKING ROOM PICK-UPS

This department has several good bowlers in Joe Cronin, Bill Wade, George Thompson and Leo Bernier. They would like to roll a team from any other department.

Leo Horrigan attended a recent hockey game and was very much pleased at the thrills which the sport afforded.

John Finn is authority for the statement that during the recent visit of "The Hugger" to West Rose Hill some of the female residents of that section were out every evening, but had no luck.

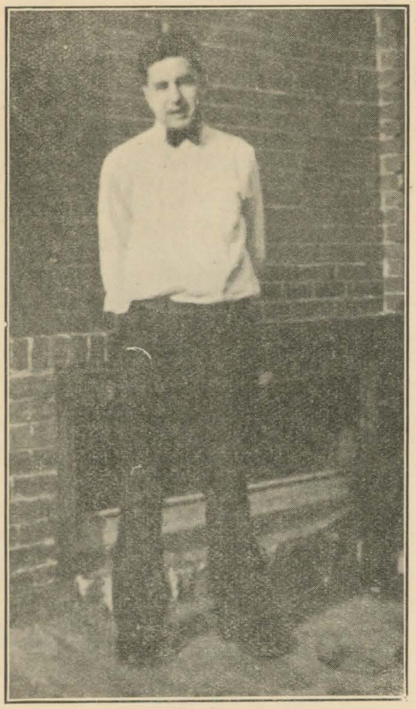
Leo Bernier was very much elated over the fact that he beat Jack Paradis in a recent bowling match.

Brud Bryant has been dusting off his make-up box and some of his jokes in preparation for the coming minstrel season.

When looking for information on dogs call on Doc Ricker. Doc raises some valuable canines and is always glad to tell about them.

Joe Cronin and Bill Wade are open to meet any two-man bowling team in the world.

Wally Finn is getting to be quite a volley ball player. He is a member of one of the Y. M. C. A. teams.



Here we have Emile Laplante who says that when better automobiles are made Buick will make them.

AROUND THE YARD

Pete Sullivan's 306 bowling score was the best Christmas present he received, although the napkins which were given to Buddy were very appropriate.

Freddy Chandler is progressing rapidly in his swimming lessons. He has mastered the Australian crawl and is now practicing several other difficult strokes.

Tim Driscoll would like to take a fling at the hockey game. It is one of the few sports which he hasn't taken part in.

Lou Driscoll has been going through a series of training stunts. It is rumored that he intends to stage a comeback in baseball next spring. A few years ago Lou was considered the Babe Ruth of local baseball circles and claims that he hasn't slipped any.

Jim Powers has joined one of the local sonwshoe clubs. He has his equipment all in readiness for the first jamboree of the organization.

Arthur Wood attended one of the recent gym classes at the Y. M. C. A. and was very much enthused over the all around athletic ability of Pete Sullivan.

OFFICE ITEMS

Sammy Kingston was seen perusing a book on senescence last week. Can't be young forever, Sam.

Mrs. Helen Sherry was a recent visitor to our office. Mrs. Sherry was formerly Helen Moore and manipulated the keys on our telephone switchboard.

Regina Routhier attended the Priscilla Theatre last week and was much impressed with the acting of Lon Chaney.

Tom Conley has almost completed his carpentry course. In a few weeks he will be ready to build anything from a toothpick to a bird house.

Jerry Langelier has joined the great majority of gentlemen who prefer blondes.

Al Bernard is making a hit in the role of announcer at the St. Dom hockey games. He carries a gaily decorated megaphone and wields it in true Tex Wiseman style.

Margaret Moore is "the nuts" in her fur coat.

Grace Hall reports magnolias and snowballs growing in her garden this month.

Larry Egan, who has been bothered with a slight throat trouble, is now OK and ready to do a little baritoning.

Joe Michaud removed his coat the other day—to fix his necktie.

Elmer Clark has his Chevrolet boxed up for the winter. It won't be long now, Elmer.

STOREHOUSE TRUCK

Joe Pepin, of Storehouse No. 2, has joined the Shipping Dept. Redskins. Initiation exercises were held recently and Joe says the goat is pretty tough riding.

Jack Paradis, who is known as the world's champion hard luck bowler, wishes to apologize for the poor showing of his Lady Pepperell team. Never mind, Jack, if you stand on your head and look at the league standing, your team will be on top.

Dan Lalonde has decided that eight o'clock in the morning is the best time to stand on the bridge which goes across the yard. What's the attraction, Dan?

Al McClure received a beautiful watch for a Christmas present. He will now be on time for all his social engagements.

Gideon Beaulieu suffered a slight mishap a short time ago. You were lucky to own two pairs of trousers, Gid.

Al Lebrun, in his capacity as Santa Claus, was very generous and gave away plenty of advice.

Pat Hamilton has joined the local lodge of Barney Google's Goats. O. K. M. N. X.

MACHINE SHOP NOTES

Pity the poor fellows who have to wear some of the neckties they received for Christmas.

Alec Neilson received a brand new monkey wrench for Christmas, with which to start his car in cold weather.

Fred White was recently seen looking over the new model Ford. Fred thinks that there is nothing like them for having everything a car should have.

"Red" Lemieux thinks that the hockey this year is very good. Consequently when he is among the missing one will always find him where he is.

It is reported that Charley Manning will soon start work on a book entitled "How to Make a Cement Sidewalk Without Cement." Charley admits that this book will be based on actual experiences.

Some of the boys received some "nice" presents for Christmas. "Red" Lemieux received a can of saltines. He wishes that he had received two cans as he is planning on quite a few parties this winter. Joe Bilodeau says that he got a station on the loud speaker. Joe says that this has happened once before. Joe Lacoursiere reports that one afternoon when it wasn't expected he was handed one hundreds volts. This is one instance where a little goes a long way. "Shorty" Carlo, while working on a water pipe, received a greater part of the canal down his back. And Frank Wellman, while repairing his car, found a lot of carbon he didn't know he had.

WET END WHISPERS

Nick Mackovack of the Starch Room continues to improve from a recent accident.

Joe Lemieux, Barney Hennessy and Herbert Cox, all of the Bleach House, are in attendance at all the league hockey games.

John McGillicuddy of the Bleach House is suffering from a bad cold.

Ted Bonneau of the Can Room is a real hockey player. Ted developed quite a famous poke check while attending college in Coaticook, Canada, and uses it to good advantage while guiding in on the cans.

Tom Casey and John Ahearn of the Bleach House give nightly exhibitions of skating on the Lincoln Street Rink. Tom is a fancy skater and cuts all kinds of fancy figures on the ice. John is a speed skater and claims the championship of Lincoln, Chestnut and Cedar Streets, also Hines Alley and other foreign countries.

Frank Norbert of the Starch Room visited relatives on West Bates Street last Sunday.

Alec Haley and Joe Huggy Kernan of the Starch Room tried out their new ice boat on Lake Auburn last Saturday.

Walter Cloutier and John Cody of the Dye House went rabbit hunting last Saturday.

Edward Murphy of the Starch Room is planning on attending the International Snowshoe Convention to be held in Montreal the first of February.

BOX SHOP SHAVINGS

Babe Renaud visited Rumford recently and renewed acquaintance with a lot of old friends.

It is rumored that Johnny Coughlin is thinking of joining the Grange. He has written to Washington for booklets on farming and plans to devote the long winter evenings in studying scientific ways of tilling the soil.

Anthony Cormier is positive there is no Santa Claus. He hung up his sock on Christmas but got nothing in it.

Messrs. Charest, Carter and Michaud attended a recent hockey game and applauded lustily every move of the home team.

EDWIN W. ADAMS
Our Superintendent

PETE SULLIVAN

At great expense were were able to get this picture of smiling Pete as he stood beside the good ship, Pine Tree.

HEMS AND HAWS FROM THE SHEET FACTORY

Dora McGraw is very much interested in the new Fords and will probably graduate from the Chevy class this spring.

Millie Forest dined at one of the Chinese restaurants recently.

Lena Pelletier hopes to step out into Grand Opera before long. She is now putting the finishing touches on her training.

Sammy Stetson says a man is as old as he feels. Sammy plays that most rugged of indoor games, basketball, and performs like a sixteen year old.

Maurice Pessant, who is a stockholder in several local enterprises, is always ready to advise any persons regarding investments.

Elizabeth Trask will take the leading part in a drama to be given by the Grange next month. The drama is entitled "The Midnight Alarm" and Elizabeth will play the hose.

Harry Deforge hasn't done anything to break into print lately, but we just can't forget him.

Lena O'Brien attended a recent entertainment given by the Spanish War Veterans and enjoyed herself immensely.

Betty McGraw is trying to organize another girls' bowling team to furnish a little competition for the Bleachery girls.

Aurore Michaud sure can do tricks with her eyes.

Joe Gastonguay is back at the old stand as cheer leader for the St. Doms' hockey club.

Jimmy Mack is working on a new tractor with which he hopes to combat the snow in the Strawberry District.

Mike Linnehan, alderman of the Switzerland Road, has petitioned the city government to install several of the ornamental light poles in his precinct.

Perley McCosh has severed his connections with the post office and is now employed in this department.

Valdora Choisinere attended a recent performance at the Priscilla Theatre.

Claire Belanger claims a certain Lisbon Street grocer has the best line in the city.

Billy Blair attended a recent performance at the Priscilla Theatre.

Methyl Jones has been thinking seriously of getting a permanent wave. Hurry up, Methyl, and let's see how it looks.

Inez Dresser, our peppy move girl, is right there with the apt rejoinder. You can't get ahead of her.

Eva Armstrong enjoyed a sleighride to Thomas Point last Sunday.

Gladys Breen, a former employee of this department, has gone to Brighton, Mass., where she is taking a course in nursing.

Mary Korytko is willing to box or wrestle any girl in the Bleachery. Mary packs a terrific wallop and is familiar with all the wrestling holds.

Alice Gibbs has returned from a vacation spent in New Auburn.

Mary Bolduc, our heavyweight bowler, has been troubled with a charley horse, but is now O. K. and ready to roll her own.

Juliette Tardif, who lives at the top of West Rose Hill, says she can imagine how the weather is at the North Pole.

Richard Gebauer is considering entering the next six day bicycle race which is held in New York. If Richie enters we will bet on him to finish up among the leaders.

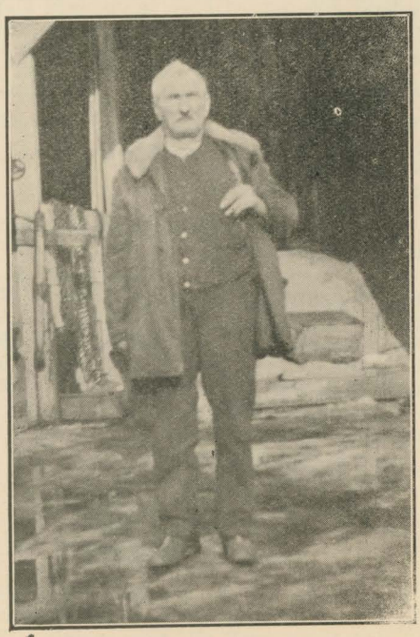
Tom Jones received many beautiful neckties from Santa Claus and has been displaying them daily.

Ed Lahey, who was a bugler in the army, has consented to play a bugle solo at the next meeting of the Mill Men.

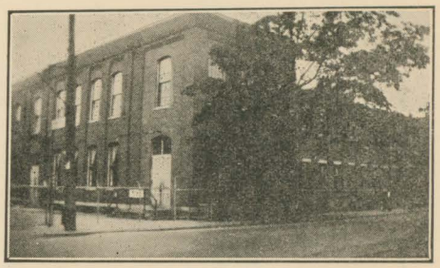
MISCELLANEOUS

We have heard no more about the proposed girls' bowling league. A few weeks ago there was some talk of starting such a circuit, but it seems to have died a natural death. A few of the girls were interested but not enough of them to form more than one team.

Interest is still being kept up in our gym classes at the Y. M. C. A. The boys are turning out in goodly numbers and enjoying the stunts.



DAN HAGERTY
One of the Old Guard



Main Entrance of our Plant.

Tom Conley holds the distinction of being the first person in these cities to ride in one of the new Ford cars. The car arrived from Boston at 7 o'clock in the evening and at 7.30 Tom was comfortably ensconced in it, enjoying the ride of his life.

A bowling team has been picked from the highest bowlers in our league and this team will represent the Bleachery in games with any teams in this vicinity. There are some good shoe factory teams in these cities and a few games with them should be productive of some choice bowling.

The Lewiston staff of the Pepperell Sheet takes this opportunity of broadcasting to all employees of the Pepperell Mfg. Co. a sincere wish for a happy and prosperous New Year.

BOWLING

Our league is sailing right along and the boys are crashing the pins in fine style. Below are the scores of the games rolled on Dec. 12:

Kittery (3)

Cronin	101	89	93	283
McCarthy	81	84	91	256
Shufeldt	80	92	81	253
Sullivan	95	94	82	271
Wade	78	87	79	244
Totals	435	446	426	1307

Pepperella (1)

Morrill	85	97	103	285
Lalonde	72	65	70	207
Hennessy	83	86	90	259
Driscoll	81	84	103	268
E. Laplante	90	82	85	257
Totals	411	414	451	1276

Pepperell (0)

Conley	80	73	77	230
H. Laplante	75	101	79	255
Leger	90	91	73	254
Totals	245	265	229	739

Baby Pepperell (4)

Pelletier	111	103	91	305
Barbour	94	116	87	297
Renaud	97	89	101	287
Totals	302	308	279	889

Lady Pepperell (3)

Damon	99	76	96	271
Verville	97	86	88	271
Davis	80	78	79	237
Peterson	97	114	92	303
Paradis	94	86	81	261
Totals	467	440	436	1343

Elmer Griffin does his stuff at the Y. M. C. A.

Salisbury (1)				
Baker	98	76	58	232
Nadeau	83	95	73	251
Vaughn	77	90	67	234
Thompson	89	91	93	273
T. Joyce	84	89	83	256
Totals	431	441	374	1246

On Monday, Dec 19, the Bleachery bowlers again took over the L. & A. alleys and toppled the timbers in championship form. The Kittery team, which has been climbing steadily, took four points from the league leading Baby Pepperell outfit and are now in fine position to overthrow the leaders. Kittery was aided greatly by Pete Sullivan, who realized a life-long ambition by hitting the maples for 306.

The scores:—

Kittery (4)				
Wade	100	85	113	298
McCarthy	86	81	81	248
Shufeldt	76	86	90	252
Sullivan	97	123	86	306
Cronin	98	112	83	293
Totals	457	487	453	1397

Baby Pepperell (0)				
Pelletier	88	90	97	275
Vaughn	89	67	77	233
McClure	85	81	83	249
Leahey	76	81	81	238
Renaud	91	110	106	307
Totals	429	429	444	1302

Salisbury (1)				
Baker	72	76	86	234
Nadeau	69	77	77	223
Thompson	89	88	96	273
T. Joyce	99	81	98	278
Totals	329	322	357	1008

Pepperella (3)				
Hennessy	77	93	75	245
Lalonde	91	85	78	254
E. Laplante	87	80	82	249
Morrill	85	111	93	289
Totals	340	369	328	1037

Lady Pepperell (1)				
Davis	81	93	79	253
Damon	80	80	95	255
Verville	83	87	90	260
Paradis	72	81	81	234
Totals	316	341	345	1002

Pepperell (3)				
Walker	87	77	71	235
H. Laplante	91	105	86	282
Conley	80	92	77	249
Bernier	82	86	80	248
Totals	340	360	314	1014

The games of Dec. 19 were the last before the Christmas and New Year holidays, no games being scheduled for Dec. 26 and Jan. 2nd.

The individual averages prior to the games of Jan. 9th are as follows:

	St.	Pf.	Ave.
Renaud	24	2365	99
Pelletier	24	2304	96
T. Joyce	24	2287	95
Morrill	24	2235	93
Cronin	24	2210	92
Peterson	15	1381	92
Leger	12	1093	91
Driscoll	21	1861	89
Thompson	21	1879	89
Wade	21	1870	89
Barbour	15	1339	89
St. Pierre	18	1585	88
Sullivan	24	2121	88
Paradis	21	1801	86
Hennessy	21	1544	86
Bissonnette	15	1297	86
Damon	21	1803	86
Verville	21	1801	86
H. Laplante	18	1556	86
Conley	24	2051	85
McCarthy	24	2039	85
E. Laplante	21	1787	85
Bernier	18	1505	84
Shufeldt	18	1505	84
Davis	24	1987	83
McClure	15	1241	83
Walker	15	1233	82
Baker	21	1715	82
Giroux	6	489	82
Leahy	6	485	81
Curran	3	241	80
Nadeau	24	1902	79
Lalonde	24	1903	79
Vaughn	18	1404	78
Kelly	3	234	78
Finn	6	463	77
R. Joyce	3	224	75
Bonneau	6	423	71
Simard	6	418	70

Below are the league records and standing of the teams:—

	Won	Lost	P. C.
Baby Pepperell	20	12	.625
Kittery	19	13	.594
Pepperella	18	14	.562
Salisbury	17	15	.531
Lady Pepperell	7	25	.219

High single, Cronin, 124.
High total, T. Joyce, 323.
Team single, Kittery, 487.
Team total, Kittery, 1397.

GIRL BOWLERS

On January 2nd the Bleachery girls rolled the Auburn girls on the L. & A. alleys and romped home with all four points. The girls are rolling better than ever and in this game turned in some good scores.

Bleachery Girls (4)				
Gibbs	84	81	82	247
Tardif	81	83	85	249
Vaughn	92	77	84	253
Brochu	90	82	82	254
Bolduc	84	91	83	258
Totals	431	414	416	1261

Auburn Girls (0)				
Martin	84	76	82	242
Drew	65	73	85	223
Chouinard	72	77	84	233
Labbe	92	77	84	253
Goss	79	81	79	239
Totals	392	384	414	1190

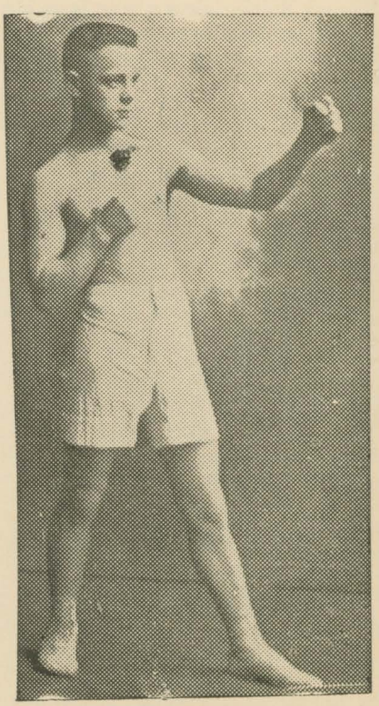
Blue Laws

BY GEORGE HANDRAHAN
(With Apologies to Mary Ford)

Life in this good old U. S. A.
  Is changing more each day.
With methods straight and otherwise
  Reformers hold full sway.
And loudly howls each one today
  Let my hand guide the plow.
And few will recognize this land
  One hundred years from now.

John Barleycorn was first to go,
  Though he fought for a time.
The rear guard that he left behind
  Are falling out of line.
King Nicotine and Sunday Sports
  Will finally make their bow
And be as long forgotten dreams
  One hundred years from now.

On Sunday you will walk to church
  And leave your flivver home.
Walk with your wife? Not on your life,
  You'll hoof it there alone.
And while you're there don't rave and rear,
  But humbly kneel and bow
And pray for those who'll fill your clothes
  One hundred years from now.



YOUNG BOSSE, 110 lbs.
Would you believe that the above is a picture of Louis Bosse? Well, it is, and it wasn't taken so very long ago, either.

JOSEPH MICHAUD

This energetic young man operates in the main office and he is some operator.

The women, now that they can vote,
Will can the week-end drunk;
To quench their thirst the booze hounds first
Must man the old town pump.
Now what strange brew will make a stew,
What will they have for chow?
That future race who'll take our place
One hundred years from now.

Girls, who today wear unlaced shoes
And other freakish styles,
Who still can make their shimmy shake
On milk and chocolate smiles,
You'll have to dress as grammy did,
But worry through somehow,
For other janes will wield their reins
One hundred years from now.

Our Congressmen and Senators,
No matter how they toil
To pass a law they hit a flaw
Or dirty smudge of oil.
The soldiers' bonus will be paid,
Each one will firmly vow,
Providing any coin is left
One hundred years from now.

Now reforms we have had before,
Some merely come and go,
While others they are modified
And trimmed to ease the blow.
Our Blue Laws when they are in vogue
Will have us wondering how
Old Nick can fill his famous pit
One hundred years from now.

Oh! Grand and Noble Pussyfoot,
You made the country dry,
Now dry up Europe, even though
You lose your other eye.
Press on until we too wear wings;
You'll never dream of how,
You fought to save our sinful souls
One hundred years from now.

Traffic Code for Pedestrians

Rule 1 Pedestrians crossing boulevards at night shall wear a white light in front and a red light in the rear.

Rule 2. Before turning to the right or left the pedestrian shall give three short blasts on a horn at least three inches in diameter.

Rule 3.—When an inexperienced driver is made nervous by a pedestrian he shall indicate the same and the pedestrian shall hide behind a tree until the automobile has passed.

Rule 4. Pedestrians shall not carry in their pockets any substances which when broken will be apt to cut automobile tires.

Rule 5. In dodging automobiles pedestrians shall not run more than seven miles an hour.

Rule 6. Pedestrians must register at the beginning of each year and pay a license fee of $5.00.

Rule 7. Pedestrians will not be allowed to emit cigarette smoke on any boulevard in an offensive and unnecessary manner

Rule 8. Each pedestrian before receiving his license to walk upon a boulevard must demonstrate before an examining board his skill in dodging, leaping, crawling, or extricating himself from machinery.

Rule 9. Pedestrians will be held responsible for all damage done to automobiles or their occupants in collision.

—Eddie C. Wilman.

Famous Last Words

"I wonder if it's loaded? I'll look down the barrel and see."

"Oh, listen! That's the train whistle. Step on the accelerator and we'll try to get across before it comes."

"They say these things can't possibly explode, no matter how much you throw them around."

"I wonder whether this rope will hold my weight."

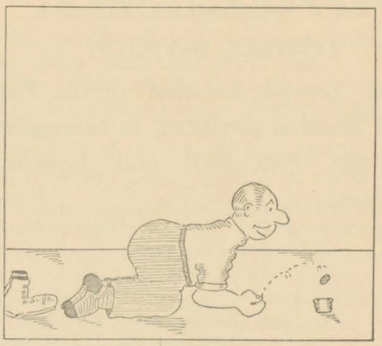
"It's no fun swimming around in here. I'm going out beyond the life lines."

"Which one of these is the third rail, anyway?"

"There's only one way to manage a mule. Walk right up in back of him and surprise him."

"That firecracker must have gone out. I'll light it again."

"Watch me skate out past the 'Danger' sign. I bet I can touch it."



Pete Sullivan has taken up Tiddledy Winks

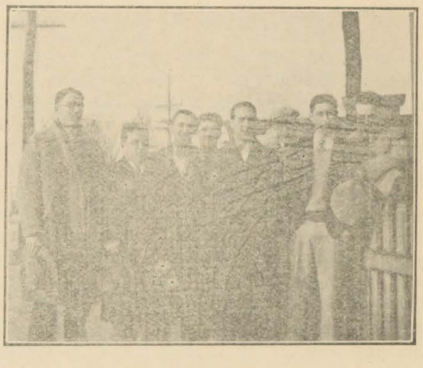
"These traffic policemen think they own the city. They can't stop me. I'm going to cross the street now. Let the chauffeurs look out for me."

"What a funny noise that snake makes. I think I'll step on him."

"I've never driven a car in traffic before. But they say it's perfectly simple."

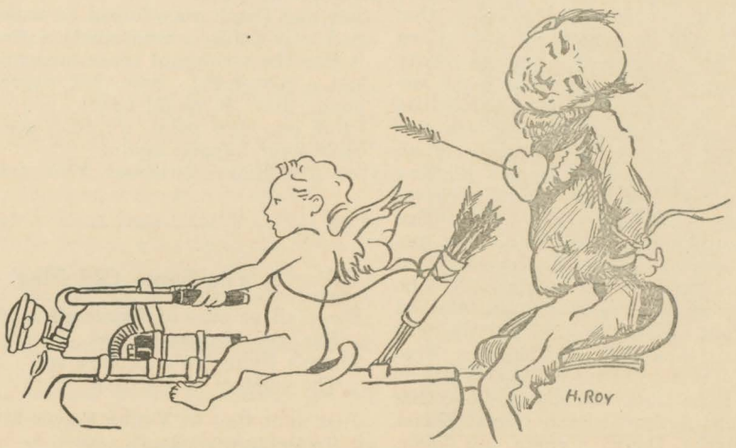
"I think I'll mix a little nitric acid with this chloride of potassium and see what happens."

—Dorothy Parker in "Life."



SOME OF OUR BOYS

Rather collegiate, don't you think? The boys are Bill Davis, Odri Dube, Jerry Langelier, Al McClure, Henry Breen, Elmer Clark, Shark Gahagan and Al. Bernard.



"Dido" Leclair has been captured by Dan Cupid!

PEPPERELL SHEET

LOWELL DIVISION

The Lowell Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Lewiston Divisions.

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Our First Christmas Tree

(Probably the last)

Christmas comes but once a year and that is probably why Santa Claus is so thankful on Thanksgiving. However, tradition demands that he go on with his stuff every December 25th. With this in mind and desirous of being of help to Santa, a huge tree was conducted into the main office of the Lowell division and there sumptuously trimmed by the two merry little maids, Edna and Helen. Lights brought out the fantastic glory of the tree and as the gifts were deposited under its protecting branches, enthusiasm ran high and patience waned. Up to this time no thought had been given as to who would take the part of Santa. Of course to make such an entertainment realistic, there should always be a Santa or the children might lose faith in the eternal lie. After almost every one in the mill had been solicited, the job was hung on OWH. Now while his hair may be white in spots, he is as clean shaven as a billiard ball. That didn't make the slightest difference—he just had to act the part and must get the make up somewhere. Our good friend, Henry Rogers of the Card room, came to the rescue. With a goodly supply of silver, OWH soon took on the appearance of a jolly(?) fat old Santa. His rubber boots reposing under his desk, finished the picture. At the proper signal, Santa's sleigh bells (eye droppers jingling in a water glass) announced Santa's arrival at the Lowell Division. Into the office bounded Santa and in the manner so peculiar to the real Santa, welcomed all of the little children to the party. All who dared to, came. There was Billy Atwood of Chelmsford, Masenna Jones all the way from Mississippi, Ann McKenna, Fred Bassett, Everett Coburn, Edna MacLean or Scotty, Evan Cork and his little brother Earle, Helen, Arthur, Dick, Greta, Hazel, Jimmie, Edythe, Davy, Lyman and Addie. Several other children were invited, but did not appear at the party, as they do not believe in Santa. Others went to Boston instead. Then came the big event—distribution of the presents. Davy received two new hats to take the place of the one which occupied so much room in the December Pepperell Sheet. Also a new pair of shoes, but those did not come until the January mark down sale at the Bon Marche. Every one has seen the shoes, but no one has seen the hats since Christmas. Hazel received a box of cigarettes; she, not being of modern proclivities, these were distributed to the male element present. Helen received a depository for her money to cover the postage on her next Christmas cards. Billy Atwood drew a fur lined red tam o' shanter; it might have fitted some time ago, but not now. However, he seemed pleased and giggled with the rest, in their merriment. Edythe asked Santa for one dozen pair of silk stockings and she sure got them; cut out of a magazine. Hazel had something to do with that. Little Everett was handed a cigar, enough cabbage to accompany a boiled dinner for twenty. He tried to light it, but it was the "Light that failed." A rattle to Edna, Masenna; a bank, Albion—ask him; Paul, torpedoes; Greta, a doll; Earl, Lotto; Jimmie, a make-up; Dick, nursing bottle and doll; Lyman, a lantern with which to find "It"; Adam, furniture for his new home; Santa Claus, a chair for that tired feeling, and a scooter; Anna, something for her next surgical operation; Arthur, mouth organ; Ida, a cane, which we hope she will never be obliged to use, and last, but not least, Fred, a time piece. The time now was limited and Santa was forced to make a hurried exit before assassination took place. It was the opinion of those present, that all had a wonderful time, but expressed the hope that it would never happen again. From our view point, we don't see HOW it could ever happen again.

The Editor (without ANY assistance.)

The Lowell Division

extends

wishes for a bright and Happy New Year

to the Pepperell Family

The Same Old Flag

Come all ye sons of freedom's land
Far o'er the raging sea
There's flying on a foreign soil
The emblem of the free.

Just as it flew at Valley Forge
To lighten freedom's way,
Just for the self same thing, my boys,
It flies in France today.

For it's the same old flag
Your fathers placed so proudly in the sky.
Come rally 'round it once again
To keep its folds on high.

Just as it flew in 61
To save a Union grand
Just now it's flying over there
To stay the tyrant's hand.

Just as it flew in 98
To set the Cuban free
It's flying now for you and me
And sweet Democracy.

A beacon bright it shines above
A weary world of strife
And lights the way to freedom's day
Peace, liberty and life.

Let's gather around with our might
Until the Victory's won;
And o'er this bleeding troubled earth
Shines freedom's gleaming sun.

S. W. Y.

Note: These verses were written during the war by the undersigned, and should they be printed in The Pepperell Sheet please mention the fact.

S. W. Youmans.

"Massie" was found as a puppy at Almont and was raised to guard the oil depot.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT JOHNNY! WE'LL HAVE THAT 55 LBS. OFF IN NO TIME. COME ON NOW I'LL TAKE YOU ON FOR A FEW ROUNDS AND SHOW YOU SOME SPEED.
AW! HAVE A HEART JACK
PUFF PUFF
J.A.
JACK SHIELDS-AVILLA'S NEW MANAGER "DOING HIS STUFF"

YARD NOTES

Eben is hunting Jack Rabbits now. That's no way to use Jack Rabbits.

Frank says he is the next head of the House of David.
But such a hat as crowns our Davy's dome

Dave says if it was not for his hat this place would be dead.

There are hats of every color,
There are hats of every hue.
Brown hats, black hats, green hats and blue.
The hat that Teddy made famous
And the hat my father wore.
But such a hat as crowns our Davy's dome
I never saw before.

S. W. Y.

It is whispered around town that John is going farming.

Somebody said that Eben was hunting Jacks but don't let him fool you. It's cotton tails.

They do say that:

Helen is wondering why Bill doesn't go over to the office now. Bill, where art thon?

Steve says he can't help being a grandpa but blamed if he'll wear whiskers.

Are ye comin' or goin'? Where have I heard that before. Oh, yes. Tom is back on the elevator. Glad to see you back, Tom.

SPINNING YARNS

True love never did run smooth. What do you say about that, Frank D. and Delia S.?

It is whispered that a blonde and brunette have entered the none-bob contest. For further information please consult Anna S. and Cora R.

On Monday, November 21, Dennis S. was very anxious to find out why all his winders were leaving their work, and he got sort of peeved and told the boss, but investigation proved that it was absolutely necessary. Thanks for the buggy ride, Harry.

It must be great to be in love. How about it, Dennis S. and Catherine G. Better be on the look-out or Anna B. will cut you out.

Rudolph, what would you do if you were lost in a fog, and were in a bathtub?

The girls think that Smithy thinks he is "Lindy" the way he goes up in the air.

How about that trip to Florida, Harry S.? Is the attraction a chocolate baby or an offer in the movies?

How did you like the Xmas noise-maker, Peter?

We all wonder where Pete Riley got his Lindy haircut. Some boy.

Every time Neck Davis goes bowling, he tells the pin boy he will give him a tip, but the only tip the poor kid gets is the one off the end of a match.

HI JACKS

Henry Cheetham is getting to look more like John Barrymore every day.

The night spinners are wondering why Billy Harding is always singing "Peg of My Dreams."

Hughie M. has been seen in Centraville a lot on week-ends lately. We wonder why.

If her eyes are blue as skies that's Peggy G.
If she's smiling all the while, that's Peggy G.
If she walks like a shy little rogue,
If she talks with a cute little brogue,
Sweet personality, full of rascality,
Why that's our Peggy G.

Anna B. was seen taking her little dog out for a walk one evening several weeks ago. My, but they look cute together.

Everything comes to him who waits,
But here's a rule still slicker;
He who goes for what he wants
Will get it a darn sight quicker.

Read in Ads

Lady Pepperell with "the Seal of Pride" "would walk a mile" to "keep that school girl complexion."

Baby Pepperell is made "double thick"—"the children all cry for it" when "it is time to retire."

They are the "Fi-na-st" made.

"You might as well have the best."

"They are not toasted"—"but keep you warm."

"Not a slug in a car-load."

They give you a "Lotta Ware."

The wool in it "hasn't scratched yet."

They will all be barking for it "eventually—why not now?"

Bought only for the "best of good reasons."

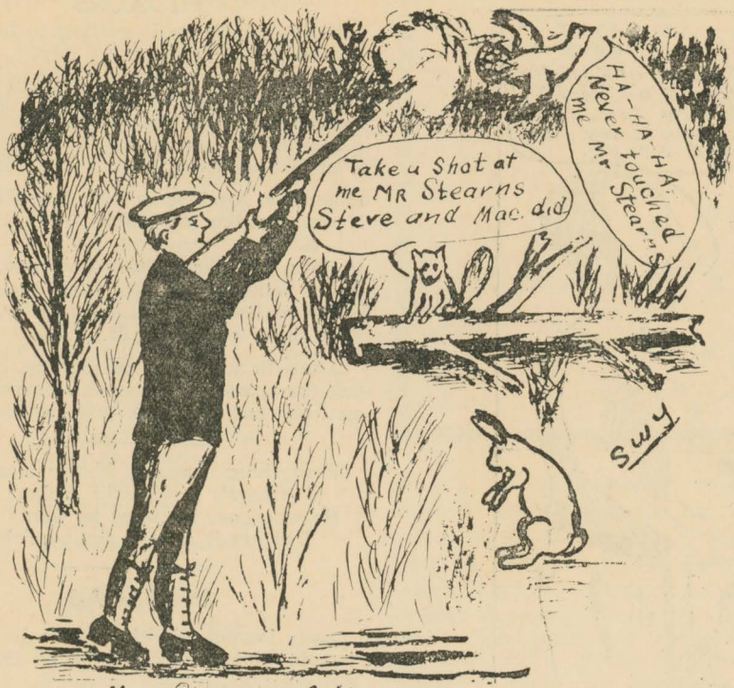
"What a whale of a difference a few cents will make."

"Be particular."

"If you know what's what"—"you would want them"—the Lady Pepperell Blankets.

Sold by all leading stores because "they satisfy." —J. N. M.

"Massie" grew to be a great pet, and was especially beloved by Walter Bohn.



Mr Stearns of the Lowell Div goes a Hunting

I Wonder

It's a wonderful world we're living in
I know you must allow
I wonder what this world will be
One hundred years from now.

In a sailing ship my Grandpa said
He sailed across the sea
And sixten weeks it took to reach
This dear land of the free.

The other day a lad set out
And all alone was he
While all above an endless space
Below the mighty sea.

A day, a night, he rode the winds
A hero soon to be
As like a bird from out the blue
He lands in gay Paree.

A bird man and a hero, too,
Does all the world allow
I wonder what some lad will do
One hundred years from now.

What a wonderful world we're living in
Compared with Grandpa's day,
When candles were the only means
At night to light the way.

On horse back and the old stage coach
It was all the speed they knew;
Could they but see what we call speed
I wonder what they would do.

It makes the modern lady smile
To see what Grandma wore,
The bustles and the long hoop skirts
That reached down to the floor.

We'll admit there's quite a difference
In the way they dress today
With dresses getting shorter
There's more lady on display.

And so I sit and ponder
And I wonder too somehow,
Will they be getting shorter
One hundred years from now.

—S. W. Y.

There is a very busy lady
Who works very hard each day;
She is our agent's amanuensis
And she is very bright, they say.
She is busy typing letters
Or keeping records up to date
You hear her typewriter humming
As you are passing through the gate.

She never wastes a minute
Just drives on from morn 'till night,
As though her life depended
In everything being clear and right.
A demure and pleasant lady,
Who tries everyone to please
Let us hope when she is older
She will be rich and at her ease.

—Anon.

Little drops of water
Freezing on the walks,
Make some naughty adjectives
Mix in with people's talk.

ONE AT A TIME

A youth who had reached the stage at which his voice was changing went into a grocery. In a deep voice he demanded a sack of flour, then his voice changed suddenly to a high pitch, he added "and a pound of butter."

"Just a minute, please," said the clerk, "I can't wait on both of you at once."—Kreolite News.

Then and Now

Not so many generations removed most of our families were engaged in tilling the soil. In those days man was peculiarly independent of his neighbors, mainly because he was compelled to do everything for himself, from raising food and clothing to providing his own amusement. There was one time, however, when most of them were dependent on their neighbors' help—that was in time of death. At times when a breadwinner was taken away, the result was generally destitution for the family or dependency upon the charity of the neighbors.

For the most part the neighbors were not lacking in charity. They generally took up collections among themselves to tide the unfortunate family over until the children were able to go to work. There is a story told of a crude insurance system which existed in England in the days immediately preceding those when insurance became an established fact. The members of small villages, in an effort to systematize the payment of money to destitute families, paid into the village treasury sums to be used in times of stress.

The idea was generous, the plan often worked; but when several deaths occurred in one village at the same time, there wasn't enough money put by in the treasury to go round. At best, the proposition was precarious.

Life for all of us has been simplified during the last few generations and made more secure through co-operation of all for the common good. The coming of machinery, while it has made us dependent upon our neighbors, has at the same time given us advantages our forefathers never dreamed of. Consider the civilization which we enjoy—it is possible to talk thousands of miles over wires, turn a dial in New York and hear a concert being played in London, or fly from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic Coast. There has been just as great a change and improvement in the provision which has been made for dependents after the breadwinner has been taken away.

Life insurance companies have scientifically worked out the amounts of money needed each year to provide for certain death risks; the distribution of risk is widely scattered over millions of human lives. There is no guess work. Just as the villagers paid their pittance into the town treasury to care for the families in time of death, millions of people pay money into insurance companies for the same purpose. There is one difference—when a breadwinner who has made insurance protection for his family dies today he can be certain that that family will be paid a certain stated amount arranged by him beforehand.

Our group insurance is an outcome of the most recent modern developments in insurance protection. Until a short time ago life insurance companies would take as risks only individuals who could pass the tests of good health after submitting to a physical examination. Under our group insurance plan all eligible employees are accepted regardless of age, sex, or physical condition. They may secure insurance protection at wholesale rates, because of the co-operation of their employers. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which underwrites our group insurance plan, is the largest insurance company in the world. There is no guess work about our plan—it promises a stated sum, that stated sum is paid.

In addition to our group insurance plan,

PICKING COTTON "WAY DOWN SOUTH"

all of our employees should take out as much insurance as they are able to carry for the protection of their families. When this company arranged for group insurance, its object was using this modern development in insurance for the interest which is common to us—the protection of self and family.

The pretty office Christmas tree
How cunningly it stands,
The thought of Christian mind and heart,
The work of willing hands.
A Christian thought inspired it
So all who pass may see
At this glad Christmas season
Christ died for you and me.

—H. J. R.

New Pepperell Blanket Line Is Ready

A little more than a year ago, Pepperell put a new sheet on the market that caused much wagging of heads and clucking of tongues on the part of some of the prophets in the textile world

The new sheet, named Lady Pepperell, started off wrong, according to these gloomy deans, by its very name. A personal name, tsh! It hasn't been done. It won't work.

Then a colorful label appeared on the sheet. Not only that, but a dainty wrap of papier de Jouy made a colorful package. The new sheet violated cotton textile traditions by putting on a pleasing appearance with such practical things as wrapping paper and labels.

Lady Pepperell Sheets and Pillow Cases now do no apologizing. In fact their air is far from apologetic. It is an air of assurance, the manner that comes only from success.

Now—Pepperell is introducing the element of display and to a new line, the Pepperell Blankets.

These new blankets are packaged in a way that uses the powerful sales advantage of display. Attractive packages feature the line.

Lady Pepperell part wool blankets are a quality production that will match the prestige the Lady Pepperell name has earned for itself on sheets and pillow cases. Each blanket is individually packed in a papier de Jouy box, the same design that has become well known on the sheet packages. National advertising will feature the Lady Pepperell blankets along with the sheets and pillow cases.

Baby Pepperell Crib Blankets are individually packed in an attractive infants' gift box that invites sales for both gift and every day purposes when it is displayed in the window or on the counter.

Wamba Crib Blankets, the only crib blanket that is especially designed to keep a baby always covered, safely and with certainty, has a new, colorful display box. Wamba is becoming increasingly popular with the public.

My Dog

He's my dog—
Four legs and a tail,
A reckless vagabond out of jail.
Just a lot of dog, no pedigree,
All kinds of branches on his family tree.
Shoebutton eyes, nose too long;
Makes your head ache when he sings his song.
His legs are gangly, he has knockknees,
Tears up slippers and harbors fleas.
Wild and woolly, likes to run away,
Knocks you down when he wants to play.
Is fond of "rassling" with gloves and hats,
Tears up flowerbeds and chases cats.
Sleeps all day, eats like a hog,
Absolutely worthless—but,
He's my dog!

The Season of Sore Throats

Of all the seasons of the year the "sore-throat" season is most dangerous.

Prompt treatment will often save us much trouble and discomfort. The simple household remedy consisting of a gargle of salt and water is very good and usually gives immediate relief in mild cases.

Several well-known remedies, such as glyco-thymoline, are good. More stubborn cases will usualy yield to painting of the throat with equal parts of iodine and glycerine. Ice bags may be applied externally to relieve inflammation.

Don't let that sore-throat go unattended.

Accidents Per 100 Employees in the Biddeford, Lowell and Lewiston Divisions. Let's try to turn in a smaller figure next month!

Month	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Biddeford	3.6	4.3	3.5	2.7
Lowell	3.3	4.1	5.5	5.1
Lewiston	13.6	16.0	17.0	13.9

Be sure your sheets are PEPPERELLS

SOME FOLKS put a great deal of money into nice beds and box springs and mattresses and taffeta spreads, and then cancel all these admirable preparations for comfort by buying sheets which won't be soft and fresh after each laundering. Some folks, on the other hand, think well enough of the matter of permanent comfort to buy Pepperells.

You can trust the store that offers you Pepperell. You know what you're getting: a sheet at a very low price; a sheet that will outwear any other sheet at the price; a sheet that isn't packed with filling and sizing, to fool your fingers; a sheet of honest, fine woven cotton which grows steadily softer and more comfortable after each washing.

PEPPERELL

SHEETING *Sheets* PILLOW CASES

PEPPERELL SHEETS *are made in Biddeford by a group of men and women who live in Biddeford and know how to make good, honest sheets.*